

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

CHARLES L. SMITH,
Editor and Proprietor.

B. W. PATTON, Associate Editor.

One copy one year.....\$1.00
One copy six months......50
One copy three months......25

All kinds of JOB PRINTING carefully and promptly attended to. Call and see specimens and get prices.

All subscriptions are payable in advance and those not paid in advance will be charged for at the rate of \$1.25 per year.

Entered at the postoffice at Baxter Springs, Kansas, as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, JAN. 4.

Of course, you are writing it "1906."

Did you make any good resolutions on New Year's Day?

Mrs. Hayes has returned from an extended stay in California.

An effort is going to be made to build a first class wagon road down into the mining district. How much are you going to give toward the project?

A rumor is afloat to the effect that Dick Blue is going to resign as assistant attorney general of Cherokee county, and that R. M. Cheshire of Columbus will be appointed in his place. Now, we wonder why.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church gave a masquerade party in Cooper's hall Monday night for the children of the Sunday school, and the youngsters had a grand time. The older people present had a good time, too.

We still think there should be a change made in the assessing of real estate. Vacant lots do not bear enough of the burden of taxation. Make it an inducement to home owners to keep their property in repair. Just because a place is painted up and kept looking neat is no reason for increasing the tax on it.

At the box supper at the Old Abe mine a few nights there was a big attendance. The cake which was voted to the prettiest lady in attendance brought more than fifty dollars, and the boxes sold netted about twenty-five dollars. The proceeds go toward finishing and furnishing the new school building at the Old Abe.

Congressman Phil Campbell started the Kansas fight on the Standard Oil Company. He is a candidate for United States Senator. There are also other candidates, but there should not be. The strongest opponent of Campbell for the senatorship will, in the eyes of the people of the state, wear the Standard Oil brand. It is a shame that such a statement of the truth can be made in a country as grand as these United States; but it is true, just the same.

They do say that when a petition was sent in from Crawford county to Gov. Hoch asking that an assistant attorney general be appointed for that county the governor was inclined to grant the prayer of the petition. But some of the politicians of the county got busy and called on the governor, so the story goes, and told him that if an assistant attorney general was appointed for Crawford county the county would be for some one else for governor. The result was that Crawford county is without an assistant attorney general. All of which goes to show that men high in office are anxious to stay there, and are only human after all.

TICK RIDGE, Jan. 3, 1906.
EDITOR NEWS:—When I subscribed for the NEWS I was led to believe it was a "Family Newspaper," devoted to town topics, Five Mile and Quapaw items, good roads, and late discoveries in patent medicines. Now I find you have turned it into a religious periodical, which is entirely out of my line. I think you ought to return us our money or reduce the price to 50 cents per annum. Those long religious articles in last week's NEWS are unintelligible, misleading, irrelevant and unreliable. Take the Tar Creek letter signed "N" which I suppose is from J. C. Naylor. Now what does Naylor know about theology? If he don't know any more about farming than he does about religion he had better sell out. And I don't believe a man with his ideas can make even a good farmer. A man who will try to raise bermuda, alfalfa and Johnson grass in Cherokee county don't know much about farming or religion, and a man who will introduce those little measley, squirty, sandy Jersey pigs into the county ought to get 90 days. Please put the NEWS back on the old lines, making it a little more "sporty," if possible, with strong local items in favor of the development of our city and country, and if your conscience will permit, reduce the price to 50 cents, please. A LAY.

OBSERVATIONS OF A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

With Apologies to Orsago Independent.
In Texas it has been shown that cottonseed meal mixed with corn makes a tip-top feed for hogs.

Corn may be bred to raise or lower the ear or the stalk, and to increase or decrease the height of the stalk.

Now don't neglect that ice supply. It's a nice job, and you will be glad you put it up, long before July 4th.

Haul in all your straw and hay now while the fields are hard frozen. Don't wait till spring, when it will take twice as much help.

It is possible to grow 1000 kernels of corn from a single grain. How important it is that the seed grain should possess great quality.

If you can't think of any thing else to do, tackle the wood pile. There is little time for wood cutting, after the spring work commences.

By all means attend the Short Course at the Agricultural College this season. The cost is trifling and the instruction will be a long practical, helpful lines.

Selections of cotton plants made in 1903 and 1904 gave progeny, which as a whole, gave open bolls five weeks earlier than the plants selected the previous year.

Feed the ewes liberally, but do not overfeed. Good clover hay, plenty of exercise, and warm shelter will keep them in fine condition. Do not feed too heavily of protein feeds.

Be sure that your farm scales are in perfect order. Dirt easily accumulates about the levers and prevents free action. Make frequent tests of your scales to see whether they are weighing correctly.

In Nebraska it has been demonstrated that medium size ears of corn used for seed gave a better yield than large ears. It was also shown that different varieties did better in different sections of the state.

It is to the credit of American farmers that more attention is now given to farm crops than at any previous time in our history; and with the result that farmers are making more money than ever before.

The straw pile can be made valuable by working it into manure. Keep all stock well bedded, and haul all manure before its substance is wasted, and you will not have much trouble in keeping up the fertility of your farm.

A vigorous effort is being made to secure a 5-days market for live stock in Chicago. It is claimed that when this is secured, better prices will follow and cattle, especially, can be handled and sold to a much better advantage.

When shipping stock, it pays to consign to some reliable commission firm. One may ship his own stock, but the commission men are better acquainted with buyers, and will nine times out of ten, get a better price, than the shipper himself could get.

Have you ever noticed that the farmers who buy corn, clover hay, oil cake, for feeding their stock, always have the most fertile farms? The man who practices selling his grain crops, is taking just that much fertility from his own farm and selling it at the price of grain. It is a very bad practice.

The seed bed is very important if we expect perfect germination of seed. The most vigorous seed will not bring forth a good stand unless it is placed in such a condition that it can get both warmth and moisture. It is also essential that the soil be worked to a fine tilth so that the root hairs may reach it and draw nourishment.

A good macadamized road from Baxter to the mines is an absolute necessity and every man in the city and every mine owner is interested in this work. A good competent honest man should be engaged to superintend the work, and then a reliable, energetic committee appointed who would solicit from every resident of Baxter Springs. A few business men cannot put up the full amount, but they will do their share. Let every man give something and the road will be constructed.

J. R. Watson and L. B. Watson are going into the nursery business in Baxter Springs.
I have for sale three eighty-acre tracts of land in the Indian Territory. There is a shack house on each eighty, and forty acres of each place is in cultivation. Fine water on each place. If you want a real bargain in Indian Territory land, you should buy one or all of these pieces. Price \$15 per acre.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This comes a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."—Miss J. M. Fenn, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sole Agents: SARGENT & SARGENT, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the shareholders of the Baxter State Bank of Baxter Springs, Kansas, at the banking office of said bank on Tuesday, the 9th day of January, 1906, at 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and transacting such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

F. J. CLINKINBEARD, Cashier.

TO HUNTERS

If you would know of a country which abounds in turkey, duck, quail, squirrels and other small game, with many a good chance at deer, get a copy of the new booklet, "Feathers and Fins on the Frisco." It tells about hunting and fishing in the Ozarks and in the St. Francis valley. Sent free on request by A. Hilton, general passenger agent of Frisco System, St. Louis, Mo.

A Certain Cure for Croup.

When a child shows symptoms of croup there is no time to experiment with new remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended. There is one preparation that can always be depended upon. It has been in use for many years and has never been known to fail, viz: Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. M. F. Compton of Market, Texas, says of it, "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in several cases of croup with my children, and can truthfully say it always gives prompt relief." For sale by A. R. Kane.

Three 50-foot residence lots in desirable locality for sale by Daniels & Plumb.

If you know of any one wanting to buy or rent property send them to Daniels & Plumb.

See Bartlett for boiled ham, ham, bacon, bologna, pork, sausage, weinerwurst and fine lard.

It is a sight to see the number of overcoats of different styles that Coopers are selling this fall.

When you want a pleasant laxative take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by A. R. Kane.

Gloves, shirts, ties, suspenders, collars, purses and bags, scarfs, shawls, suits and overcoats, or anything you may want for Christmas at Cooper's.

Say, our new presses are doing first class work. If you want any kind of printing, no matter what, just bring your order to us, and we will get the work out for you in a hurry, and it will be well done too. Our job force likes to work the new presses, so come on with your orders.

Say, Mr. man, don't you want a piece of land in the Indian Territory? If you do, just call at this office. We have several real bargains in Indian Territory land.

For sale—A nice pony, weighing 700 pounds. Will work single or double, or under the saddle; is six years old, very gentle, and just the kind of an animal for women or children. Call on Jim Smith.

I have for sale a mighty good residence property in this city. House of six rooms; horse barn; cow barn; lots of fruit; new poultry house; fine grape arbor; good cistern; corner property; will sell very reasonable, as wish to build a larger house. Call on Chas. L. Smith.

Report from the Reform School. J. G. Gluck, superintendent, Pruntytown, W. Va., writes: "After trying all other advertised cough medicines we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find it the most effective and absolutely harmless." Sold by A. R. Kane.

Trying to build up your business by trying to pull down the other fellow's is not the way to succeed. Neither can any organization, church or society be built up by giving the other fellow a shove.

Mrs. E. A. Mapes is visiting relatives at Moline, Ill.

HER KNIGHT ERRANT

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Rowles.)

"It was a good many years ago, gentlemen," said our millionaire host. There was a man—we will call him Jack Sabin—who was a bank clerk. He was a tall thin fellow with a neat brown mustache. He had a good-natured way with him that made him very popular in the office and out of it. Jack had a fair voice, too, and his singing brought him friends.

"When Jack Sabin got married—she was a pretty little typewriter, and his friends thought he might have done better—he went to live outside the city.

"One December evening Jack Sabin was standing on the platform, waiting for the six o'clock local, when he saw his bank manager coming toward him. The manager beckoned him out of the crowd into a quiet corner.

"I am going west to-night on the six ten," said the manager. "I had just left my house, when I met Rube Alden. Rube had a lot of money on him—some \$5,000 in gold and notes. He had been to the bank, found it closed and so came on to see me. He refused to go home without passing the stuff over, and I didn't like to make trouble about it. I have it with me now, but I can't go traveling around with a bagful of dollars that don't belong to me. I want you to take care of it to-night. You can pay it in to-morrow morning when the bank opens."

"Yes, sir," said Sabin.

"With which the old man handed over the canvas bag. The clerk tied it around his waist, buttoning his ulster over it.

"It had struck six while they were talking, and Sabin's train was gone. It was high upon 50 minutes past his usual time when he knocked at his door.

"His wife noticed he was troubled over something, and during supper she began to question him about it. Then he came out with the whole story. They had a conference together as to where was the best place to hide the money, and finally decided that they would stow it under her dresses in the bedroom. They did this together.

"It was close upon half-past eight, when there came a knock at the door. Sabin answered it, to find a telegraph boy on the porch, shaking the snow off him. The telegram ran like this: "Must see you to-night. Urgent."

"Wallace."

"Wallace was the name I will give to the president of Sabin's bank.

"The husband and wife stood staring at each other across that telegram.

"Well, Maile," said he.

"You must go, dear," she told him.

"He agreed. He ran upstairs and came down with his revolver, which he gave to her. She was to sit in the bedroom with the outer door locked and the shutters barred. Under no circumstances was she to admit anyone.

"Mrs. Sabin locked the door, put the key in her pocket and walked upstairs to her bedroom.

"She sat by the stove, with the lamp at her elbow, trying to read; but she might have been holding the book upside down for all the sense she got out of it.

"About half an hour had gone by—she had brought the clock from the parlor and studied every move of the minute hand—when there came a knock at the outside door, a loud rat, tat, tat, with the end of a stick, as if some one was in a hurry.

"Mrs. Sabin crouched down, trembling and listening, like a hunted beast, and then, in sudden resolution, ran to the window. She pulled the blind two inches.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"A man turned and stared at her. Gaunt, desperate, starving—that is about what he seemed.

"Let me in."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I have a revolver here. If you do not go away I shall fire."

"He laughed like a soul in torment, rocking his body to and fro. 'I have been tramping it through the storm since sundown,' he said. 'I am as near dead now as a man can be; frozen and starved. For the love of charity, let me in out of this.'

"There are other houses a mile down the road," she said, with a new suspicion at his perseverance. "Why don't you go there?"

"For answer he lifted his arms to her with a pitiful gesture. 'I'm beat,' he said. 'If you do not let me in I shall die at your door.'

"Then die," she said, shutting the window.

"Ten, fifteen minutes went by without a sound save the moaning of the gale. She peeped around the blind once more.

"Before the door was a black smudge in the soft carpet of the snow. It was the body of the tramp. Had he told the truth, after all? Was he indeed refusing a refuge to the dying?

that I point out. There I shall look you in. Remember, I am armed."

"I agree to the terms."

"If you are playing me a trick, God will never forgive you."

"Amen," he said.

"He stumbled in, a ragged, desperate wastrel, yet with a restraint in speech and bearing that told of more fortunate days.

"The logs burnt bravely in the kitchen stove, and he sank down before it, holding out his hands to the heat.

"There is a candle on the table," she said to him from the doorway.

"And you will find some cold bacon on the shelves."

"He never moved, though she waited for a reply.

"She closed the door, which was built of stout planking, and turned the key.

"The clock stood on the stroke of ten as she entered her bedroom. She sat down in her old seat, but it was only a few minutes before she was on her feet again. She heard a sharp creak, as if some one had tried the front door. Her first thought was of her husband's return; then she remembered the time, and her hope went back to the storm. For a moment she hesitated, with her hand on the blind. Then she pulled it aside.

"A half-circle of moon was thrusting out through the hurrying clouds. She could see them clearly against the snow drifts—three men, and they wore crape masks. Two of them carried a heavy fence rail.

"Presently she became aware of a new sound—a brisk tapping at the kitchen door. Doubtless it was the tramp's signal to his friends. He was shouting, too.

"What's the trouble?" he called out, huskily.

"It is your friends," she said.

"My friends! I shall be pleased to meet them," he sneered. "Let me out."

"So that you may let them in?"

"I am not fit for much," he continued, and indeed that was plain in the voice of him. "The cold has gripped me inside some way, but I'll help what I can. I don't forget that you saved my life. Come, now, turn the key and get it over."

"I think it was his feeble voice that decided her. Let us ever thank God, gentlemen, for the tender mercies He has set in the heart of woman, whether it leads them right or wrong. This man was sick. Therefore could he be trusted. So her instinct argued as she turned the key.

"He did not look a very formidable enemy—or ally, for that matter—as he tottered out of the doorway, supporting himself by a hand on the wall. His face was whiter than her own, and he drew his breath in painful spasms.

"Give me that revolver," he said.

"She drew it from the pocket of her apron and handed it to him. He examined it with a melancholy smile.

"It is loaded in the last four chambers only," he said. "Do you know that you would have had to pull the trigger three times to have got in the first shot?"

"I have never had one before to-night," she explained.

"Where is your money?"

"She hesitated a moment, staring at him like a frightened child. Then the blue eyes quivered and dropped. 'It is in my bedroom,' she said, submissively.

"Much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"He gave a low whistle of surprise. "We will occupy the proper strategic position, which I take to be the head of the stairs. If you will give me your arm it would be of assistance."

"A memory from her girlhood, before she knew of typewriting or thought of a lover changed to husband came back to her—a memory of Tenneyson and his knights of King Arthur's court, who were ever tramping the country to help some poor girl or other. The little woman had dreamed of romance before hard work had shaken it out of her. And now she dropped upon one knee beside him laying her hand softly on his head.

"Stand clear," he whispered. "Here they come."

"There came a voice from the shadows.

"Mrs. Sabin," it called, "we don't wish to hurt you. If you will go into the kitchen and close the door, you shall not be harmed."

"The tramp held up a warning finger and she made no reply.

"Well, here goes," said the voice.

"The three sprang out into the light but the leader checked himself at sight of the lamp, as though expecting a trap, so that the second man passed him, and came charging up the stairs, shouting as he ran. He was not half way up when the tramp fired.

"The man stumbled, made an effort at recovery, and then fell heavily on his side. As he did so, the mask slipped from his face, showing the features to the watchers on the stairs.

"It was her husband, Jack Sabin!"

"It was a simple thing," continued our millionaire host. "Sabin was a gambler and worse. He did not know where to turn for money. When he was given that \$5,000 and lost his train, he sat and let temptation soak into him. What could be easier than to rob himself? He slipped off into the city, and found the man he wanted—I expect he knew where to look for them quick enough. They fixed it between them. He went home, received the false telegram they dispatched, and joined them in the city."

"And what was the tramp's reward?" asked a guest, "in dollars?"

"He received no such reward, Mr. Gaythorne."

"You surprise me. The bank, at least, might have paid him a percentage on the sum. Are you certain?"

"Quite certain."

"May I ask why?"

"I was the tramp, Mr. Gaythorne."

"EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY TOO"

The Topeka State Journal now Publishes a Paper for Every Day in the Year.

The State Journal is the largest daily in Kansas, ten pages, and tries to be the best.

It is not the cheapest; there are cheap papers, \$1 a year and upward but this is not one of them.

It is printed for those who like a clean, bright, interesting, wholesome, fearless, newspaper of the highest grade and for those who expect to pay a fair living price for it.

It is independent republican in politics and has been in that class for twenty years.

The State Journal is not running a department store; simply a first class newspaper. If you want books, encyclopedias, shrubs, chromos, pictures, talking machines, hay rakes, or pianos, we don't throw them in. Go to your regular dealer in merchandise for that. We simply sell news and advertising space, that's all.

The State Journal recently added a superb 20-page Sunday morning edition, giving its reader a paper for every day in the week.

It has also just installed a three-deck twenty-eight page color press, the largest and finest piece of printing machinery in the state.

The comic pages in the Sunday issue since December 3, are regularly printed in color; the first time anything of the kind has ever been attempted by a Kansas newspaper.

The price of the paper everywhere by mail, by carrier, or by news stands, is 10 cents per week, \$1 for ten weeks, \$1.30 for three months, \$2 for twenty weeks, \$2.60 for six months. Subscribe through your news dealer, postmaster or rural route carrier or address us.

THE TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL, Topeka, Kansas.

CHEAP LOTS.

We have some cheap residence lots from \$10 to \$25 each for sale to parties who wish to build.

We will sell these lots on easy terms to any one who wishes to secure a home. Rents are going up and the money you pay in rent will give you a nice home of your own.

This offer is open but for a short time as we have but a few lots to sell on time. Call at once and get prices. You will never buy them as cheap as now.

DANIELS & PLUMB.

The Key that Unlocks the Door to Long Living.

The men of eighty-five and ninety years of age are not the rotund well-fed, but thin, spare men who live on a slender diet. Be as careful as he will, however, a man past middle age, will occasionally eat too much or of some article of food not suited to his constitution, and will need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to cleanse and invigorate his stomach and regulate his liver and bowels. When this is done there is no reason why the average man should not live to old age. For sale by A. R. Kane.

BLANKS IN PLENTY.

This week we printed a large supply of the following blanks:

Territory farm leases.
State farm leases.
Territory chattel mortgages.
State chattel mortgages.
Our stock of legal blanks is now very near complete, and our prices much lower than can be found elsewhere. Our wholesale price is considerably less than that made by the larger supply houses.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

"Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of influenza with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Eggleston of Maple Landing, Ia. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip." These Tablets promote a healthy action of the bowels, liver and kidneys which is always beneficial when the system is congested by a cold or attack of the grip. For sale A. R. Kane.

An Emergency Medicine.

For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similar injuries, there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound and not only gives instant relief from pain, but causes the parts to heal in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. Sold by A. R. Kane.

Presbyterian Church Notices.

Sabbath school 9:45 a. m. Morning service at 11:00 a. m. Evening service, 7:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor Society, Sunday 2:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor Sunday 6:00 p. m. Young Peoples Bible Class Friday 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

You are heartily invited to attend all the above services.